

The Agitator.

"Every plant that my Heavenly Father hath not planted shall be rooted up."—JESUS.

"Such is the irresistible nature of Truth, that all it asks, and all it wants is the liberty of appearing."—THOMAS PAINE.

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AGITATOR COMMUNICATIONS.

THE BIBLE:

IS IT OF DIVINE ORIGIN, AUTHORITY AND INFLUENCE?

BY S. J. FINNEY.

CHAPTER FIFTH.

THE INTERNAL EVIDENCE.

If the Bible "is our only infallible rule of religious faith and practice," it ought to carry the unmistakable evidence of the fact on its face; on its every page; in each and all its statements; for it is assumed to be an indispensable revelation of God's will to man—to each man—to all mankind. If so, it should be addressed *directly* to each individual—to his senses—to his reason, and to his religious nature—to his consciousness; and so addressed as to furnish the indubitable evidence of its origin and authority within itself; not through Paley, or Lardner, or Home, or Keith, or any human collateral aids whatever. Its Divinity should be a *self-evident Divinity*. On every page, and in every line it should blaze and shine with an unmistakable light. Its Divinity must be exceedingly dubious, if such huge libraries as fill all christendom, entitled, "Evidences of Christianity" are necessary to its proof. Can you see the sun by holding up a *rush light* towards it? Does God need human aid to prove his Divinity; or to throw light on the page of his own Word? Every book written to prove the miraculous origin of the Bible, is only a *prima facie* acknowledgement on the part of the writer, that the book itself is inadequate to sustain itself, or to carry conviction to the reader, of its Divinity. God needs human help! This is blasphemous to God, and an insult to his Word. Do men write books to prove the divinity and glory of the sun and stars? Christians write books in defense of the Bible, and against the destructive attacks of "Infidels," as if they feared it would fail and fall. Do men fear lest the Alps shall fall, or stars go out? The circulation of the Bible is left to the caprice of erring men; (and, alas for the world, if it be God's word!) often to the selfishness of sectarian churches; which for centuries, have quarreled and fought; anathematized and burnt each other at the stake in this world, and damned each other to hell fire and brimstone in the next.

The Bible is to-day, dependent on printing presses and railroads, steamboats and sails, for its extension; and all these are under the control of the money-grasping spirit of a commercial age. It goes very slowly over the world. It goes only as men—covetous men—move it. Is the indispensable light of God's countenance, then, dependant on the contingency of human sails and wisdom? The Bible is bought and sold, and gain heaped up by the traffic. Does God—"our Father"—the Father of the nations—Jewish, Indian and Chinese—does He leave his "Word" subject to the various jars of human covetousness? Will He permit men to

buy and sell and get gain out of His own Divinity, miraculously bestowed on the world to save it from death? Is the indispensable truth of God, an article of human commerce? It is, if the Bible be such indispensable truth. Why was not the light and the air we breathe, subject to a like control by men? Undoubtedly it would long since have been if it could be. Are the sunlight and air of more consequence to the body of man, than the truth of God's moral and religious attributes—the expression or revelation of His Will—to his soul—to his immortal nature; that the one should be placed above, beyond the reach of human covetousness, and the other be subject to its damning sway? Is air indispensable to an Indian's body; and God's word not so to an Indian's soul? Must the "untutored Indian," wait for God's word until a band of "pale-faces" in ships with "wings," print it, and bring it across the ocean on the deck, with rum and gun powder in the hold under it, to christianise him with fire and sword, and cannon balls? Is it necessary for an Indian to learn English, Hebrew or Greek, in order to hear God speak? What blasphemy is implied in the assumptions of Christians about the Bible! What sarcastic cuts at Divine Power, Love and Wisdom! It is awful. No blasphemy is so great as that of Christians, and those who, like Christians, shut up God's word in an old book, and damn all the rest of the world as "Heathen," Idolatrous and Infidel. It is a rank insult to all Truth.

But to the question. If the Bible be God's Word, should it not contain palpable, definite, unmistakable evidence of the fact, on its every page? No one, not even Christians, will deny this. But *does* it contain such evidence? This is the question. How are we to determine? By an examination of its contents. But proceeding in this way, supposes that we have a standard within ourselves. We cannot prove the Bible to be perfect, without a standard of perfection. We have such a standard in nature, but we do not perfectly understand nature; and so are not competent judges to decide upon Divine Perfection. But we can tell when statements are false, absurd, contradictory and unreasonable, which come within the range of our natural capacities. The Bible claims to be addressed to us; therefore, we may justly examine its contents in the light which our "Creator" bestows in the constitution of things, and the natural reason, intuition and consciousness of man.

I affirm this general proposition:

The Bible bears the unmistakable evidence of human origin, authority and influence.

I shall prove this by proving the following charges:

- 1st. It gives false and blasphemous representations of God.
- 2d. The Bible gives contradictory representations of God.
- 3d. It contradicts Astronomy, Geology and itself in its account of the creation.

4th. It represents the laws of nature as suspended, transcended, or violated.

5th. It contradicts itself in numerous instances.

6th. It sanctions political despotism.

7th. It sanctions slavery—the sum of all villainies.

8th. It favors conjugal despotism.

9th. It sanctions polygamy and concubinage, or the practice of having many wives and mistresses in addition.

10th. It teaches false and dangerous doctrines.

11th. The New Testament writers misquote the Old Testament, and often quote and apply as prophecy, passages of Old Testament history, and, in several instances, misapply what they misquote.

And now to the proof. 1st. The Bible gives false and blasphemous representations of God. It represents him as subject to human limitations and infirmities. It represents Him as having a body like men. In Gen. xvii: 33. God is represented as appearing to Abraham in the shape of three men, whom, altogether, Abraham calls "Lord." Abraham is represented as saying to the three men, in verse third, "My Lord, if now I have found favor in thy sight, pass not away, I pray thee, from thy servant."

This story goes on to relate how Abraham asked his "Lord" to wash his feet, and rest "*yourselves*" under a tree. It also represents these "men"—the "Lord"—as drinking *milk* and eating *veal*.—Often throughout the entire chapter, is Abraham represented as calling them "Lord." The story winds up with the following, verse 33d: "And the Lord went his way, as soon as he had done communing with Abraham: and Abraham returned unto his place." Perhaps there are some who will call this story only an allegory. If so, I see no reason why we may not call the talk which Moses had on the mountain, when he received the tables of the Law, an allegory also. Perhaps some will call the word "Lord" here only a *figure of speech*.—But just think of a "*figure of speech eating veal, drinking milk and washing their feet*." Perhaps it means only to be applied to these men as angels, or representatives of the "Lord." If so, why does it not say so? But suppose it does; do angels drink milk, eat veal and wash their feet? Again—the story of Jacob's wrestling match with God, is another proof in point. It is found in Gen. xxxii: 24—32 verses. Jacob's name is changed to Israel because he "prevailed;" he conquered God in a wrestling match, though he got his thigh put out in the tussle. "Afterwards Jacob called the name of the place Penial: for I have seen God face to face and my life is preserved."

In Exodus xxxi: 17, God is represented as getting tired with the six days work of creation; as taking *rest* and being refreshed. According to Webster, "refreshed" means, "to give more strength to; to invigorate; to relieve after fatigue; as to refresh the body or revive after depression."

The Bible represents God as saying, after commanding the Jews to observe the Sabbath *forever*:

"It is a sign between me and the children of Israel forever; for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, and on the seventh day he rested and was refreshed."

Now does the Omnipotent get tired and need reviving; need invigorating? Will any sane mind believe this of Deity? But it may be said, this expression, "and on the seventh day he rested and was refreshed," is not to be understood literally; "it is only figureative language." Suppose it is; ought the figure to exceed the original idea for which it stands? And what idea can we get from this passage, even admitting it to be a figure? Are we to understand by it that God did *not* rest and was *not* refreshed? That is not a true figure of speech which conveys an idea exactly the opposite from the original conception of the truth to be conveyed. Again, in the book of Judges i: 19, it is said:

"And the Lord was with Judah; and he drove out the inhabitants of the mountain, but could not drive out the inhabitants of the valley, because they had chariots of iron."

This chapter is headed with "the acts of Judah and Simeon," and pretends to give the history of those acts literally. No one can say it is figureative. If it can be called figureative, or spiritual in signification, so can the stories of all the miracles, and of all the lives of both the Jews and Christians, be called the same. It professes to be a literal history. But it gives us to understand that the chariots of iron which men built, are too strong for God himself. He—God—was not able to drive out the inhabitants of the valley, because they had them. Would iron chariots have baulked Napoleon?

Other passages give us the idea that God is limited in presence; as living up aloft, out of sight of the earth and men; as not knowing what is going on below until he comes down to see; as in the case of the Tower of Babel, in Gen. xi: 5:

"And the Lord came down to see the city and the tower, which the children of men builded."

And also in the case of Sodom and Gomorrah. Gen. xviii: 20, 21:

"20 And the Lord said, Because the cry of Sodom and Gomorrah is great, and because their sin is very grievous.

21 I will go down now, and see whether they have done altogether according to the cry of it, which is come unto me; and if not, I will know."

In these passages both God's Omnipresence and his Omniscience are denied. There are many more of the same character all through the books of the Bible. Thus in Gen. xxii: 12:

"And he said, lay not thine hand upon the lad, neither do thou any thing unto him: for now I know that thou fearest God, seeing thou hast not withheld thy son, thine only son from me."

In this whole story of Abraham's trial, the only great idea is, that God was getting up a scheme by which to find out whether Abraham feared him or not; and when he gets "his son, his only son," bound and laid upon the altar; his hand raised with the knife in it to slay his son; the Lord stops him with—"for now I know that thou fearest God;" thus plainly and unmistakably implying, that before "now" God did not know whether he feared him or not. The only object of this experiment, as represented in the passage above quoted, and throughout the whole account, is to find out something before unknown. Does God grow wiser by experiment and experience? It cannot be said that this trial was instituted for Abraham's good; for such a supposition contradicts the tenor of the entire story, and also the express words of the passage containing the only reason assigned by God; "for now I know," &c. To put into Scripture a sense which thus contradicts its express declaration is, in effect and fact to ignore the Bible, and to make a new one. So do the clergy, almost universally, when a passage goes against them.

Take another passage from Deut. viii: 2,

"And thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee these forty years in the wilderness, to humble thee, and to prove thee, to know what was in thine heart, whether thou wouldst keep his commandments, or no."

And yet, notwithstanding this forty years experiment, God still found himself mistaken; for the Jews never proved faithful; not even when God himself is said to have been incarnated in flesh and stood on the earth among his ancient people; for they butchered him as a common felon. All his schemes for the Jews proved entire failures. He is represented as promising them an eternal kingdom, with Jerusalem for its capital and its ritual the old Law.* But more on this point hereafter.

The Bible represents God as capricious, fickle-minded, changeable; repenting of his own doings; as getting "sick at heart" for his own work, when experience had disappointed his expectations. The Mosaic account of creation, presents God to us as the Omnipotent Author of the heavens and the earth, and all that in them is; and as saying, when he saw what he had made, that it was "very good." But soon after we find God represented as cursing man and woman, and even the inanimate earth, for the sin, if sin it was, of a woman's eating an apple contrary to his command, in consequence of the talk of a serpent, which then walked upright upon its tail, but which ever since has crept upon his belly as his punishment, as a punishment for his impudence. Gen. vi: 6,

"And it repented the Lord that he had made man on the earth, and it grieved him at his heart."

This verse represents God as sorry that he had made man on earth; as being grieved at his heart. Now if God made man, and made all things else, and called them good, they were "very good," and if God be Omnipotent and all knowing, why should he get sick at heart for his own work. He could, not if he were what alone can constitute Divinity—Infinite. The great thought of this whole story is in the face and eyes of Infinite Power and Wisdom.—But some may say that the word "repent," as used here, does not mean a change of heart, or intention, or action on the part of God; that it is only a human way of talking in order that men may more easily understand God when he speaks to them.

But if it don't mean repent, what can it mean? And besides, if God uses such language in order that men may understand him better, and in condescension to our use of words; why does he not use it as we do? How can we know what he means if he gives to our forms of expression a sense about which we know nothing? This is a condescension with a vengeance—to say "repent" and mean something else—or perhaps, even immutability. But all these attempts to show that the word "repent" don't mean repent, as here used, are scattered to the winds, by the account which follows; for it represents God as looking down upon the world, and then he saw that all flesh had "corrupted his way," the end of all flesh comes before him, and he determines to drown the world with a flood. It is done. This is the overwhelming evidence that (according to the story) God was sick of his own work, and so undertook to blot it out; to undo what he had done; and if this is not repentance, then there is none on earth among men. It was a square turn around. In Jer. xv: 6. God is represented as saying, in consequence of the wickedness of the Jews—his own cherished people, that "I am weary with repenting." In 1 Samuel xv: 10, 11. God is represented as saying: "It repenteth me that I have set up Saul to be king: for he has turned back from following me," &c. Now did not God know Saul and what he would do, before he made him king. If he did not, he is not God—not Infinite. If he did, then why should he repent? He did make him king knowing the result, and it would be very silly, even in a man, to repent at results of which he was the intentional author.

But take the following quotations as a few specimens of the false representations which the Bible gives of God. The reader will please turn to the Bible and verify them for himself. See Exodus, xxxii: 14—36. Judges, ii: 18. 1 Chron. xxi: 15. Jer. xviii: 8—10. also, Jer. xxvi: 19. Jer. xlii: 10. Jonah, iii: 10.

The instance cited in Exo. xxxii, is too important to be passed over in silence. It contains a monstrous and even audacious view of the operations of the Divine Mind. Moses was upon the Mount talking with God, and, being gone a long time, the people become impatient, and called upon

Aaron to make gods to go before them "for as for this Moses," they "wot not what had become of him." Aaron made the golden calf, and the people made offerings to it; God discovered it, and thereupon is represented as speaking to Moses as follows:

"7 And the Lord said unto Moses, Go, get thee down; for thy people, which thou broughtest out of the land of Egypt, have corrupted themselves.

8 They have turned aside quickly out of the way which I commanded them; they have made them a molten calf, and have worshipped it, and have sacrificed thereunto, and said, These be thy gods, O Israel, which have brought thee up out of the land of Egypt.

9 And the Lord said unto Moses, I have seen this people, and behold, it is a stiff-necked people:

10 Now therefore let me alone, that my wrath may wax hot against them, and that I may consume them; and I will make of thee a great nation.

11 And Moses besought the Lord his God and said, Lord, why doth thy wrath wax hot against thy people, which thou hast brought forth out of the land of Egypt, with great power and with a mighty hand?

12 Wherefore should the Egyptians speak and say, For mischief did he bring them out, to slay them in the mountains, and to consume them from the face of the earth? Turn from thy fierce wrath, and repent of this evil against thy people.

13 Remember Abraham, Isaac, and Israel, thy servants, to whom thou sweardest by thine own self, and saidst unto them, I will multiply your seed as the stars of heaven, and all this land that I have spoken of will I give unto your seed, and they shall inherit it forever.

14 And the Lord repented of the evil which he thought to do unto his people."

This whole story is one of the most foolish and blasphemous in the whole Bible. The substance of it is, about this: God attempts by miracles to get the Jews into the land of Canaan. On the way, while Moses is gone, they make and worship a golden calf, after having seen the wonders of plague-smitten Egypt, the pillars of cloud and of fire, the miraculous passage of the red sea, and host of other miracles. Now I venture to say, there is not a savage in the North American wilds, who, after seeing such wonders as the Bible says were often performed before the Jews by God, could or would have fallen thus into calf worship, and that too, against the oft repeated injunctions of God himself, amid these wonders. It is not in humanity to thus ignore its own senses, or to forget such astounding wonders, as are here related.

But its improbability is not the worst feature in it. God sees the Jews with their calf, becomes desperate, wants Moses "to let him alone"—to stand clear—to keep from between him and them, so that he could get mad enough to destroy them; and backs his appeal by promises of making a great nation out of Moses—thus appealing to his ambition to second the Divine wrath. But Moses, more merciful than his God, beseeches God, makes appeals to his mercy, and to his love of human praise, and finally jogs the Divine memory—coaxes and wheedles Divinity out of his passion—gets God cooled off, and then follows the statement, "And the Lord repented of the evil which he thought to do unto his people." Does Divinity become so angry as to forget His most sacred promises to His own children? Can the moral suasion of man, prevail over the "hot wrath" of God? Can His anger be cooled by appeals to His fear of what a parcel of Egyptians will say about Him? This whole chapter in Exodus says yes. But who can believe it? If we should find such things in a Mormon or a Hindoo Bible, we would exclaim, "what foul ideas these heathens had of God."

LAWRENCE, MASS., June 2d, 1859.

DEAR AGITATOR:—Thy "better half" called on me and mine at our cabin on Saturday last, and remained till the following Tuesday; at which time she took her departure for Concord and the "shades of old Kearsarge." Many a sincere regret was expressed at her early departure, and many a silent prayer went welling up to the Father of all, to guide, guard and protect her through life's varied scenes.

On Sunday evening, May 29th, the "Agitatress" spoke to a fair audience at Lawrence Hall in this city. Had there been any previous notice of her lecture, the hall, which will comfortably seat 600, would have been crowded to overflowing.

Her theme was an answer to the objections raised against Spiritualism. And most clearly and signally did she demolish every pillar of superstition raised by the opponents of the spiritual theory.

* See Isaiah—the whole.

Her style is clear, logical, terse and ardent—entirely free from cant, pompousness or sophism.

During her short sojourn here, I have often been reminded of the remarks of brother Warren Chase when in this city last season. On enquiry of him if there was a good reform paper published at the West, his answer was, "Yes sir; the Agitator, at Cleveland, owned and edited by Mrs. —, a real live woman, one of the best of God's children."

Having taken the Agitator since that time, and having had the honor of a personal acquaintance with the lady, I can say with brother C., "That's so every time."

Yours,
J. C. B.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

BY L. C. TODD

What shall women do to be saved? I answer, go to work. She must "work out her own salvation," not with "fear and trembling," but with hope, courage and energy. Dependence—degrading dependence, lies at the foundation of her great wrongs. *Public opinion*, like a heartless fiend, a tyrant demon, binds her hand and foot. She must shake him off. It disables woman's independence. It decrees that she shall have no considerable property, lands, houses, cattle, merchandise, and other active sources of wealth. That she shall be restricted to a very few simple and unproductive branches of business. That she shall fill no learned professions, or occupy any public station of honor and emolument. Exert no power in legal enactments or judicial decisions. And worse than all, she shall make no direct advances in the choice of sexual companionship. Of course, the young girl soon learns that she has little more to attend to, than pursue one sole aim, one object, one all-engrossing purpose. To get a husband by indirection. She expects to be nobody and nothing without a husband. If she gets one, she expects him to have property, home, business, honor, and influence and position for her. She, therefore, improves the only privilege the tyrant allows her. She studies fashion, devotes herself to its freaks and fooleries; twists and screws, girts and hoops herself to all the ridiculous shapes it requires; bedecks her person in all the gaudy frippery and artificial adornments in her power to meet its ever changing demands. And there she stands in prim externals, looking just as fascinating as she can; waiting, dreaming, and hoping to catch the great object of her life's concern, with whom she expects every desirable good. Unfortunately, many masculines are caught by such means, and most of them are worthless when caught. But being born of mothers, dwarfed and perverted as above, we cannot expect much of them. But what can women do? Laced, stuffed, squeezed, bedizzened, and bamboozled as they are, what can they do? Go to *work*! Let them throw off their excessive ornamentation; abandon all hypocritical and deceitful anties, and go to work—to work out a nobler and higher destiny. Yes—go to work. Let them throw off their ridiculous hoops that flap and flop about the legs (Oh, I meant to say *limbs*) and don the tidy and convenient *Bloomer*, so that they can step round, run, or jump, should occasion require. Then, let them pitch into any useful business they are capable of doing which will pay. Let them thus earn and lay up for themselves; become self-directed, self-sustained, and just as good, and just as independent as men, so as never to think of marrying for a home. Then let them resolve never to obey laws in which they have neither voice nor interest; nor be taxed without representation. Then when she wants a sexual companion, let her look about among her acquaintances, select her man, tell him she loves him. And if he refuses, let her look again. It is her right, her right by the gift of God

Almighty; and none but despots would despoil her of it. None but fools or slaves of custom would condemn the act. Give them this privilege, or rather let them *take* it, and they will have time for other employment, and the cultivation of higher aspirations, besides, studying the arts of matrimonial finesse. They would not need to spend so much time in primming and mincing, and assuming all fantastic forms and sizes, indirectly to attract the attention of the stronger sex. I know the tyrant, Public Opinion, says, that women shall never *seem* to desire any amorous delights or enjoyments. For her to *acknowledge* any such desire would be considered awful. Everybody requires her to conceal what everybody knows to be true. All know the suppressed sympathies that struggle for freedom and expression, in her custom chained soul. Woman's love is a beautiful and divine element of her nature; and accursed be those conventional arrangements, which often crucify the holy attribute; and thrice accursed be the man who uses it to betray or ruin her. Yes, such a man should be execrated by all men, and spurned and despised by all women. But Public Opinion requires that women ignore great Nature's laws; pretend a falsehood; live a lie; act the hypocrite; and thus give sanctity and encouragement to duplicity, fraud and falsehood, which now everywhere abound, like a corrupting, overwhelming scourge. She has been a doll—a plaything—a slave—a mere adjunct to man, about long enough. Her redemption will not be found in the "blood of Jesus," but in *herself*, her own indomitable energy. Her own right hand must achieve her independence. But few men will labor for her; for generally they love to rule. She must, therefore, first work out her *pecuniary and mental salvation and independence*. Then she may dare to be honest; throw aside her flimsy gewgaws and tinselled beau catchers; rise above the petty artifices and deceptive attractions she so often assumes; live herself; act out her own pure, great, independent and noble life, true to Nature and Nature's God. When this shall be, the race will be renovated. There will then be great and noble mothers of magnanimous and glorious sons, who will not want imbecile slaves for companions. And such men, born of such mothers, will neither tolerate nor submit to any constitutions, laws, or social arrangements which make slaves of millions of the race.

THE WORLD'S GREAT NEED.—NO. 1

The world needs science. Not that kind of science which is based upon the creeds and dogmas of a bigoted priesthood; but true science—true to nature's unfoldings, is what is needed to elevate man, and to purify his moral and social atmosphere. The world has too long been held back in its upward aspirations, by the chains which the self-constituted exponents of God's laws, have forged and entwined around the hearts and mentalities of humanity.

But, ere the world can realize this, its first great need, teachers must come; but *agitators* first, to clean away the rubbish and prepare the moral ground for the reception of those sciences which are revealed through nature.

Man, being an epitome of the Universe, is qualified by the inherent properties of his own organism to look at, or take cognizance of every department of nature.

For this purpose he is provided with certain developments, which constitute in their combined capacity, the entire mind or mental power of the individual. These several developments serve as so many eyes or windows to the soul, each opening directly upon its respective field of observation. Thus the frontal organs are looking forward, and are the leading, controlling and directing faculties;

those in the coronal region are looking heavenward; those situated in the basilar region are looking earthward; and so with every other development according to its position or locality. Now, if the organs in the frontal and coronal regions are imperfectly or partially developed, the individual's forward and upward pathway will be enveloped in darkness and comparative obscurity. He will be enabled to take cognizance of nature only through the basilar and lateral organs, which must as best they can, perform the functions of leading and controlling the thoughts and actions of the individual. And the individual thus controlled, will be gross, sensual and unprogressive in his nature.

Hence, we say, that when the intellectual, moral benevolent and spiritual faculties of man become sufficiently developed to hold his animal, or passion instincts in complete obedience, or in other words to confine them to their legitimate sphere of action, man will be redeemed; and he will stand forth the grand exponent of the Divinity upon earth.

If reformers desire to attain this enviable position for poor, suffering humanity, they should labor to promote the highest possible development.

This can only be accomplished through a knowledge of laws of growth and expansion. The laws of transmission and adaptation should be studied by those who would become parents, for much depends on the relative development of the male and female, since it is well established that, with proper adaptation, children may be produced superior to either; and *vice versa*.

Proper conditions should also be observed. Through all the period of gestation, the mother should be surrounded with the most favorable condition for transmitting to her embryo child the most perfect developments. Then, again, the child's education should be such, from infancy to manhood, as to call out every faculty of his nature, leaving no portion to die for want of healthy action.

The laws of health should be observed by the parents, as well in their own person as that of the child. No mother may hope to produce well developed and healthy children, so long as she is afflicted with those complicated and enervating diseases which are induced by the social falsities of civilization.

Freedom, too, absolute and entire, is an indispensable pre-requisite as a condition for developing the Race. Much is said of late in regard to the freedom of the affections. "Free love" is the great "mumbo jumbo" of civilization, with which to frighten the timid, and thereby prevent them from wandering away into the priest-forbidden paths of philosophical investigation. We have nothing here to say upon this subject, except so far as it bears directly upon the subject of human development. The laws of transmission are such, that the parents endow the offspring with their respective peculiarities, subject to the modifying influences of opposite conditions, developments or affections of the other parent. Hence, it is obvious, that where the developments, affections, loves or hates of both parents run in any one direction, the children will inherit their mental angularities in a two-fold degree.

In view of these facts and principles in mental and physiological science, it is of vast importance, first, that love in its highest and holiest sense, should be the bond which binds two souls together for the propagation of the race; and secondly, that whatever deficiencies exist in the developments of one parent, should be fully compensated in that of the other. And, as the female imparts her peculiarities to the offspring in a pre-eminent degree, she should be perfectly free to *reject the conditions of maternity* when the higher instincts of her nature forbid its indulgence. She must be free, not only from the ownership, but, from the *legal coercion* of a husband, ere she can enjoy the highest and best conditions for producing well developed, healthy and harmonious children. How woman is to attain to that condition is no part of our enquiry at this time; but there are thousands of hopeful minds, who have a divine faith that she will ere long enjoy its full and perfect realization.

Marengo, O.

E. E. MOREHOUSE.

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SINGLE COPIES of the AGITATOR, will be sent by mail for five cents.

LETTER FROM FRANCES BROWN.

NUMBER FOUR.

MY DEAR TYPO:—What of the times? Are you and the dear, old world on good terms! Do you accept life's lessons its storms and calms, love and hate, labor and rest, (the rest is accepted on every occasion, Typo)—all, all its mysteries, in faith and trust and hope?

The true philosopher links hands lovingly with Destiny and goes on his life-journey, blessing the hand that guides the tempest and hangs the bow of promise in the heavens. We can all theorize upon the uses of clouds coming between us and the blessed sunlight; but, dear me! it is quite another thing to feel what we preach. Of one thing I am persuaded there lives not a soul but that enjoys more than he suffers—not a heart but that is possessor of more good than evil. It is a Pagan idea that two angels attend the soul through life, one good, the other wicked; and it depends upon ourselves which shall be the companion. There may be much truth in this thought, but I am of the opinion that the good angel is never far away. I have for years been watched over and guided by a dear, good spirit. In the darkest hours he is with me. I see him often and many mediums have described him and attested to his watchfulness.

I have, perhaps, told you of a pair of quiet days in Lawrence, Mass. I think my good angel prepared me that home. Others may think a kindly introduction from Warren Chase procured the blessing my weary lungs so much needed—rest.

J. C. Currier, a healing and speaking medium, lives in Lawrence, and from there goes forth administering to the wants of the mentally and physically diseased. His speaking is good. He is clear, logical and poetic. I mistake if he has not a mighty mission, and a willing heart to do the Master's bidding.

I spoke one evening in Lawrence. The audience was good, owing, it may be, to the fact of its being an appointment for Mr. Currier.

My out-goings did not end there; a quiet hamlet in New Hampshire had attractions for me. So I bade adieu to my good friends Mr. and Mrs. B——, and turned thitherward. The morning was gloriously fine. A shower had cooled the air and given vegetation a bath. The poet would say:

"The Queen of the spring had passed down the vale,
And left her robes on the trees, and her breath on the gale."

Our steam charger wound along among the hills meeting occasionally the Merimac river on its way to the sea. It pauses, however, in Lawrence and Lowell, like a sensible soul, to turn a wheel and set in motion a great multitude of spindles and fingers. The hemlocks and pines that skirted the river-bank, whispered to my soul of eternal freshness upon the banks of the life-river; and the varied-hued flowers breathed a benediction upon all who passed that way. I was charmed with the holiness that rested on the brow of our good mother, Nature, and a silent thanksgiving went out to the Divine Artist who has so beautifully fashioned the Universe and draped it with so much grace and splendor. Verily, God has written "sermons in stones," love-poems in flowers, great epics in the pine and cedar trees.

But when we neared the eternal hills, and heard the murmur of the mountain streams, I turned from the glorious landscape into the dim, dead past.

Memory came forth and with magic fingers cleared the dust and mould from off the Soul's tablet, and set my heart to beating time to an old forgotten tune. The red school-house where I learned to say A, B, C, and the old brown church, its square pews were before me as in the Junes of long ago. The low-roofed house, half buried in trees and vines, was near, and, for a time, I dreamed its inmates waited to welcome me. By the garden gate,

"The same rose blows, and the same sun glows,
And the same brook sings as years ago."

but the recording angel came to me and I read the records of years that were. Fragments of hopes, loves outlived, broken links, wasted years, and longings and aspirations never to be realized. I read on the angel's book, even the three years of my absence had wrought strange changes. The old house where I had ever been welcomed, was tenantless. My father, "weary with the march of life," has turned to the Morning Land. My school-girl sisters have other homes and other names. While I was musing upon the past, wondering and guessing of things present and future, our steam horse halted in Contoocook, N. H., a little village bearing the name of a noisy, dashing stream that passes that way to join the Merrimac a few miles below.

The sisters, a triune, met me there with a welcome to their new home. The ark to Noah's wandering dove was not more acceptable. I enjoyed six whole days among the mountains. The seventh day—the Sabbath, I went to Concord, and preached salvation by works and not by faith. The congregation was composed in part of the members of the State Legislature. I wanted to preach to them the gospel of righteous laws, but it would seem to those wise heads shockingly out of place for a woman to interfere with politics.

In Boston again waiting the summons to the cars for Providence where I am advertised to speak to-morrow. I have been very busy here two days purchasing books for Ohio and doing various other, to me, important things. I have just sent westward all of Parker's works that are paper bound (twenty-five of them are sermons;) "Mystic Hours" by Redman; Mrs Farnham's "My Early Days" (a capital book) and various other works published by Bela Marsh, and by J. P. Mendum. One a publisher of Spiritual, and the other of Infidel books.

The Banner of Light, published here, is popular and has the largest circulation of any of the Spiritualist publications. There is no better or higher toned paper in the wide world, than the Spiritual Age. Mr. Newton is a clear-headed, strong-hearted man—an unceasing worker. I know less of the other editors of the Age (Messrs Brittan and Munroe) but in public estimation they stand well. I hope the Banner and Age will long be missionaries in this great Puritan City.

Adieu, dear typo, I must be away. When you are translating these ink tracks into English, I shall be homeward bound.

Thine ever,

Boston, Mass., June, 18th.

THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE.—A bill has been introduced into the Senate of New Jersey which provides that the wife of a drunkard, on proving him such before the Justice of the Peace, may become entitled to hold her own wages and those of her minor children until he reforms.—*Exchange.*

Now isn't this wonderful? Who dreamed that such honor and glory awaited woman? She absolutely (in New Jersey) is entitled to her own hard earnings so long as her husband is a drunkard. And that is not all. She, too, may collect and retain the wages of her minor children during the husband's drunken spree. How abused the poor drunkards are in New Jersey. No legal right to pocket their wife's money while drunk. Let us send missionaries to that benighted region to preach men's rights.

CONVERSION.—Deacon John Southard of Pontiac, Mich., has been converted to the truth of Spiritual communion, and been developed a writing medium. He has been 40 years a member of the church, and 20 years a deacon. How the mighty have uprisen!

OPPRESSION.

The New York Daily News says:

"A scene in Hood's 'Song of the Shirt,' was enacted at the Mayor's office on Saturday. Catharine Colie, of No. 71 Beach street, deposed that a man doing business on the fifth floor at No. 121 Fulton street, whose name she did not know, refused to pay her for making eight shirts at four cents apiece, saying that they were poorly starched, and refused to return her \$2 which sum she had deposited with him as security for the return of the shirts, when she took the material to make them. His Honor issued a summons for the man which was given to officer McArthur, and the pitiful wretch was taken to the office. There he made the excuse that the shirts were not made according to a pattern he had given. On returning the money to the poor girl, he was permitted to go. The loss by her labor the Mayor kindly supplied to the girl from his own pocket."

The Savannah News, in remarking upon the above says:

"Such an illustration of the cruel system of oppression, by which the poor whites of the North are ground down to earth—by which white men's sisters are forced to starvation or crime, is unnecessary. No one can read the above paragraph, describing an every day occurrence in the wealthy city of New York, without contrasting the unhappy lot of the poor shirt-maker, whose blood is as pure and whose skin is as fair as that of her proud and heartless oppressors, with the better condition of the Southern slave, over whom the mawkish philanthropy of the North is sending up a perpetual howl of compassion. Ask yourself, reader, which of the two, the shirt-maker or the slave woman of the South is most to be pitied? Which has most cause to despair? Which is most strongly tempted to reproach her Maker for giving her existence?"

The Michigan City Enterprise tells the sad story of a widow who was found eking out a miserable existence by making boys black cloth caps at 2 cents a-piece. By working hard she could barely earn ten shillings a week, and with

this miserable pittance she had to pay rent, and provide for her own wants and two children." The editor adds: "No wonder that the women are clamoring for 'rights' which will guarantee them bread and save them from a life of shame."

We in all consciousness ask, if it is not time to practice christianity?

H!A! H!A!

A gentleman who edits a "literary paper, in writing us a business letter, added "I like the Agitator; it is just the thing wanted; but, then, I dare not say so aloud. I would gladly make long extracts, or publish whole articles from it if my readers would bear the strong meat; as it is I only give bits of news and items from you without condemning or endorsing your sayings."

We looked over our cowardly friend's paper to see upon what he fed his dispeptic readers. We found chronicled two elopements, one seduction, three murders, an advertisement for a horse race, a puff for a second class theater, the "Paris Jacobins," and a large quantity of literature of the yellow covered stamp. We laid aside the paper feeling as the editor expressed, "The Agitator is just the thing wanted." The dear God give us strength and wisdom and ability to preach a new gospel to those, who in their secret souls accept truth at our hands and then feed the multitude upon husks the swine will not eat.

LITERARY NOTICES.

A NEW AND INTERESTING BOOK, by D. L. DAVIS, M. D.—Bela Marsh has just issued from the press an interesting work, written by Dr. D. L. Davis, the title of which is "Anthropomorphish Dissected and Spiritualism Vindicated."

Dr. Davis has shown, in this work, the natural tendency of the human mind, in its various degrees of development, from the earliest period up to the present time; and how it is that so many different theological creeds and opinions have arisen, flourished and died, and are still arising, flourishing and dying.

He has reviewed the most celebrated metaphysical writers, in an able, logical manner; refuted their doctrines, and, in conclusion, offers his own convictions, deduced from a careful observation of natural phenomena, and the experience of those who have gone before him.

This work is printed on good paper, and well bound, both in paper and muslin. Price, single copies, in paper binding 35 cents, or three copies for a dollar; in muslin, 50 cents per copy. On receipt of the price, the book will be sent, postage free. Quantities at wholesale with reasonable discount, sent per order to any part of the United States. Address the publisher, Bela Marsh, 14 Bromfield Street, Boston.

FREE LOVE AND AFFINITY.

A discourse delivered under spirit-influence, by Miss Liz-zie Doten, at the Melodeon, Boston, Sunday evening, March 20, 1859. Phonographically reported by James M. W. Yerrinton. Price 8 cents each, or \$5 per hundred. BELA MARSH, 14 Bromfield street, Boston.

For sale at this office.

Miss Doten is not the advocate of what is termed free-love; nor is she one of the many sinless souls who are ever ready to stone to death a stray woman. Her lecture is a true womanly plea for humanity, a loving, tender charity is demanded for the weak and fallen every where. We would like to see the work in the hands of every young lady in the land.

EDITORIAL ITEMS.

H. P. FAIRFIELD has kindly volunteered to act as agent for the Agitator. Of course we are happy to accept his generous offer.

A FRIEND of agitator is translating, from the German, for the Agitator, a series of valuable articles on the New Testament. We shall commence their publication in our next number.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

SOME absent-minded friend of Ai, O; has sent us 24 cents for pamphlets, but omitted the name, and as we do not know who "me" is, we await further orders.

DR. PIERCE—We have no more April 15th and May 1st Agitators.

H. L. SALSBERY—We mailed you "Common Sense," May 4th—will send you another.

NOTICES.

L. JUDD PARDEE will lecture in Cleveland on the 2d Sunday in July. He is too widely known to need commendation.

S. P. LELAND will give three free lectures in Akron, O., at Empire Hall, July 3d, 1859, as follows: 10 A. M.; 2 P. M., and 7 P. M.

NEW REFORM PUBLICATION DEPOT.—Mr. J. B. Conklin has removed to No. 54 Great Jones street, New York, where, in connection with the office of the Principle, he has opened a store for the sale of reform books and papers.

PRACTICE WHAT YOU PREACH.

Tell me not of garbled sermons—
Elegance of thought and style,
Heard from out your modern pulpits,
Man from error to beguile.
Eloquence may charm the fancy,
Summon an admiring crowd,
Who surround the gifted preacher
With their praises long and loud;
But if God's appointed servants
Would their hearers conscience reach,
Leading them to paths of wisdom,
They must practice what they preach.

Parents, if your tender offspring
You would lead in ways of truth,
Shielding them from the temptations
Which surround the paths of youth;
Count as vain your time-worn maxims,
And, to make your teachings sure,
Guide them not alone by precept,
But example, just and pure,
For, to shelter from the tempests
Sin's dark clouds would cast round each
Tender flower of your protection,
You must practice what you preach.

Teachers, if throughout your duties,
Ever faithful you would be,
Not by words, but by your actions,
Teach in all sincerity.
Youthful eyes are on you gazing,
Youthful hearts your thoughts receive;
Eagerly they catch your accents,
Eagerly your words believe.
Then beware, lest by your actions
Untrue principles you teach,
And forget not you must ever
Strive to practice what you preach.

EXTRACT FROM HUDSON TUTTLE'S LECTURES.

I am heartily tired of this flimsicality in speakers; this movement of the lips and stifling of the heart. Oh for sincerity; for more soul; for more single-heartedness. Give us simplicity with its liability to be duped, laughed and scorned as it may be; far better is it than that disposition which mistrusts the intention, even of its most intimate friends.

Are you an imperfect man, with aspirations, not sufficiently backed by intellect to become realized? Seek then to know yourself, what you are and what you can do, and aim within your reach. I know of no more saddening spectacle than that afforded by a person whose desires are far above his capabilities. It is like seeing the child endeavor with its puny hand to grasp the silver moon. Such toil day after day, year after year for objects which lay beyond their genius to obtain. It may be well to say "aim high," and it sounds finely to repeat "Aim at the sun, and you will come nearer to it than if you aimed not at all," but practically it is minus. It converts the sober man into a visionist and keeps him in perpetual fever for objects and positions which he can never obtain, until discouraged by disappointment he sinks down, a storm beaten wreck, without having accomplished anything. The engine can only run along its iron track. So of man. He must pursue the calling marked out for him by his organization. Out of this sphere he is like the engine off the track, liable to be torn to pieces by his propelling power.

It is not a good mark for any one to have no enemies. If a man is a man he will be criticised, and that, too, with a virulence and hatred in proportion to the good he is doing. If he is not criticised it is a sure indication he is not worthy of it, and is an out and out do-nothing. The "good fellow" loved and admired by every body, is one willing to float on the stream of popular favor, in short a sycophant and lick-spittle. Better die a martyr nailed to the cross, or chained to the stake amid leaping flames. Do right though the heavens fall, not from any motives except love of right; and though slander hiss and hatred spit its spleen, all will pass away as the storm passes, and as its thunder and lightning; its high winds and rain; the flowers bloom more fragrantly, and your mind will be invigorated and beautified.

Small men, knowing their own littleness, strive to become great, by the overthrow of superiors.

Such degenerate into busy-bodies, and turn tattlers. Slander is a hydra-monster. It devours the absent. I wonder it is so fostered—no, I do not, for slander is almost the only thing not proscribed in *polite* conversation. There it sits, bloated and hideous, ruler supreme. If a story is not true, it should not be repeated; if true, the less told the better. Thy neighbor's bad deeds had best slumber in oblivion. It assuredly will not benefit him for you to rejoice over them, and it certainly will degrade you. All do the best they can in their circumstances, and no one like situated could act differently. Hence for charity, love and forgiveness of thyself, pity the distressed, and bind the wounds of thy fellow.

The boundlessness of the infinite hereafter, fills my being with indescribable awe. I am not for to-day, but for all time. What scenes await me; what agony I am to endure, what bliss to enjoy, is unknown, but this I know, the cup is ever brimming.

The future is unknown, and hence, plans reaching into future years, prove day-dreams of a too buoyant fancy. We must act for the present time and season. When work is to be done, we must do it. We must not wait for vacancies; for a path to be opened for us by others, but open one for ourselves, walking straight over difficulties, turning neither to the right or left.

Wildly the storm beats. Loudly howl the winds bearing the sleety rain. Who breasts it to-night? Into how many cups of bitterness the sleet drops fall? Oh, the down-trodden sons and daughters of want and misery! Those whom the cursed love of gold has driven into wretched hovels, or shelterless, except by the icy sky, to feast the insatiate elements. Look into these dens of poverty! See the pale wife clasping the emaciated babe to her quivering bosom! Her hovel's window is darkened by the shadow of a cloud-piercing spire, beneath which the worshipers at mammon's shrine offer up psalms and prayers! Mockery! mockery! For shame! cries the meek Jesus from his cross of suffering! I know you not for you have but one Lord; one God, and that mammon, to whose insatiate jaws you sacrifice every pure and holy feeling; your nobility and manhood, and trample on every law of God.

Spiritualism—a singularity. It is a singularity of the spiritual movement that it has spread with a rapidity unparalleled in the history of any other innovation, while it has not received the aid of any leader.

No one stands at the head of its believers to direct their movements, or extend for personal aggrandizement its philosophy. Its teachings, on the contrary, denounce all leadership; all individual worship, making every believer rely solely on himself, and seek his salvation through, and by his own exertions. There are those who by a superior mental and spiritual endowment write and speak more than others, but their words are severely questioned, and if they bear not the test of criticism they are thrown aside. It speaks so strongly of individual responsibility that the watchword of the true spiritualist is: "I am a man, and you are another." It has taught equality until leadership is dishonored, and he *who would undertake it* would be immediately cast down.

It seems a great universal movement diffused throughout all ranks and classes of society, and from a myriad source the little streams flow into the vast channel of reform. Other reforms have had great and talented men to present and vindicate their claims to the world; they have had leaders who were considered infallible; but Spiritualism sprang into being, and no one can determine when or how, or by whom, and in scarcely a half score of years after the first rap was heard, its speakers are declaiming in every city, and its scores of periodicals are scattered broadcast over the land, while

its advocates number more than any sectarian organization in the union! Is not this an unaccountable fact, unless the myriad spirits of the departed, standing behind the scenes of their invisibility, push on the work.

TUTTLE.

FREEDOM.

What is freedom? Is there really any such thing?

Free thought! Free speech! Free press! Words upon which as many changes have been rung, as upon the far-famed cymbal which could be made to play any tune that was fashioned in the player's mind.

Words unmeaning, because untrue: unmeaning and untrue, because incomprehensible.

Does any one to-day, dare to express his free thought, his real opinion untrammelled? Oh! the chains that bind his thought! Public opinion! Love of friends! Fame! Position! I dare not utter my heart's best and truest promptings, dare you? Stronger than all others is the chain that binds us to "a living."

A noble youth once said, "I will speak. If I must die, I can. I am not bound to live; but I am bound to be true to myself while I do live." That was said at twenty-one years of age. Now, at forty, he is no more free than others. The dream of his youth resulted in fines, imprisonment, abandonment of friends, and starvation for his family, until the spirit of freedom was crushed out of him.

Do I see any free spirits? All are slaves to something; some to tobacco; some to rum; some to the world; some to folly; some to fashion; some to superstition; some to one thing, some to another.

Does freedom exist anywhere but in name?

Free press! We have a free press; but if any body prints any thing which people generally dislike, we are free thereafter to print our paper and pay for it, and read it, *alone*; and if we attack the sins of the age, we must do it in smooth and measured terms; or we may be *indicted for a libel*.

Freedom for myself! Some have progressed far enough for that; but who believes in freedom for my neighbor?

Free speech! Dare I, in the solitude and retirement of my home, speak what I think? *Woe* to me, if I think differently from those upon whom I am dependent *for a living*. Dare you in your acknowledged position of superiority and attraction, speak what you think? Is it not woe to you if you think differently from your patrons?

Free thought! Who can think freely, if he dare not utter his free thought? Witness the odium that attaches to the name of "free-thinker."

People talk about "free love." Where is it? Sometimes love *will* run free; then we say it runs wild. So we say of all freedom, that it is wildness, or insanity.

Freedom! Thou talismanic word! that for ages men have been seeking a *shape* for, where art thou? Dost thou exist in reality? Or art thou but a phantom, a shadow, an illusion, a dream of our infancy? Where can'st thou be found? How can'st thou be retained? How can'st thou be used to bless and make happy?

Is it thy appropriate work, to drown in seas of blood, or to elevate and refine? Art thou a scourge to be dreaded, or a blessing to be sought? Shall I avoid thee, or shall I seek and make thee mine? Spirit of Freedom! answer, I implore thee!

AGITATOR RECEIPTS.

Mrs. C. M. Sammis, \$1; G. Hews, \$1; H. G. Smith, \$1; R. Menneles, 50c; N. Peabody, 50c; R. F. Newton, 50c; M. Wellburn, 50c; C. A. Crittenden, 50c; D. Baldwin, \$1; J. B. Newman, 25c; N. White, \$1; J. L. T. Brown, \$1; Wm. Stephenson, 50c; M. S. Richards, 25c; H. Von Dorston, \$1; J. B. Walker, \$1; H. H. Davis, \$1; M. S. Dibble, 50c; S. A. Williams, \$1; Mrs. L. Whiting, \$1; J. F. Smith, \$1; G. Capron, M. D., \$1; I. Searle, \$1; W. L. Foot, 50c; J. T. Calkin, \$1; H. Morley, \$1; J. Arnold, M. D., \$1.

"SUPERNATURAL" EXPERIENCES.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

In certain conditions of the body the mind seems to become possessed of a new and unsuspected power, independent of volition—elusive and unmanageable as the plot of a dream—to which we vain would give an agreeable solution, yet are helplessly carried on through a series of accumulated difficulties. Perhaps the term "natural clairvoyance" will best describe this power; since the eye of the mind looks straight through all material hindrances, and not only perceives that which is beyond the horizon of the bodily eye, but foresees what has not yet come to pass.

Many persons live out their allotted term of years without ever experiencing its operation; others are so rarely and so dimly conscious of it, that they class it among the ordinary delusions produced by fear, anxiety, or excitement of any kind; while a few receive such distinct and palpable evidences, that they are forced to admit the insufficiency of all other explanations than the "supernatural." I see no difficulty in recognizing this half-acknowledged faculty. When we understand the awful capacity of the mind to receive impressions—every word of the thousands we hear during the day, every form of the million objects we behold, though forgotten as soon as heard and seen, being indelibly stamped upon tablets which are stored away in some chamber of the brain, whereto we have no key—when we ponder on this fact, with its infinite suggestions, we find it easy to believe that those operations of the mind of which we are conscious, are far from being the full measure of its powers.

MYSTERIOUS GUIDES.

But an ounce of illustration is better than a pound of theory. Let me relate a few instances taken from my own personal experience, and that of some of my friends. The bee-like instinct of direction, is not unusual among men accustomed to the wild life of the woods and mountains. More than one of my Rocky-Mountain acquaintances possesses it in an eminent degree. A noted explorer whose blanket I have often shared as we slept under the stars, assured me that frequently while threading the interlocking folds of a mountain-pass, he has had a sudden vision of the landscape beyond, even to its minutest details. The same thing occurred to me between Tepic and Gandalahara. He has also, after searching all day for grass and water for his animals, in an unexplored wilderness, been seized with a blind instinct which led him against all reason, to the only spot where they were to be found.

A CURIOUS INCIDENT.

During a visit to Boston four or five years ago, I accepted an invitation to take tea with a distinguished author. A gentleman who had often visited him, offered to accompany me, as his residence was in a part of the city with which I was then unacquainted. We were walking along the street, conversing very earnestly upon some subject of mutual interest, when all at once I was seized with the idea that we were passing the author's house.

"Stop!" I said; "Mr. — lives here." My friend halted, surprised, and surveyed the house.

"No," said he, "that is not his residence! it is in the next block. But I thought you had never visited him."

"Nor have I," I replied; "I never was in this street before, but I am positive he lives there."

"And I am positive he does not," my friend rejoined; "there is a large brass plate upon the door, with the name upon it; and you see, here is no name whatever. Besides, it is not in this block."

"I will go further with you," was my stubborn answer; "but we shall have to return again."

The presumption of his certain knowledge did not, in the least, shake my confidence. We searched the next block, but did not find the author's name on any door. With some difficulty I persuaded my friend to return, and try the house I had pointed out: it was the right one! I can explain this curious incident in no other way, than by assuming the existence of a natural clairvoyant faculty in the mind.

THE SPIRITUAL ALARM CLOCK.

Of course such experiences are very rare; and as they generally occur at the most unexpected moments, it is next to impossible to go back, and ascertain how the impression first makes itself felt.

Once, only, have I been conscious of the operation of the faculty. This took place in Racine, Wisconsin, on the morning of the 1st. of March, 1855. My bed-room at the hotel was an inner chamber, lighted only by a door opening into a private parlor. Consequently, when I awoke in the morning it was difficult to tell from the imperfect light received through the outer room, whether the hour was early or late. A lecturer—especially after his hundredth performance is not inclined to get up at daylight; and yet if you sleep too long, in many of the Western towns, you run the risk of losing your breakfast. I was lying upon my back, with closed eyes, lazily trying to solve the question, when all at once, my vision seemed to be reversed—or, rather, a clearer spiritual vision awoke, independent of the physical sense. My head, the pillow on which it rested, and the hunting-case of my watch, became transparent as air; and I saw distinctly the hands in the dial pointing to eleven minutes before six. I can only compare the sensation to a flash of lightning on a dark night, which for the thousandth part of a second, shows you a landscape as bright as day. I sprang up instantly, jerked forth my watch, opened it; and there were the hands pointing to *eleven minutes before six*—lacking only the few seconds which had elapsed between the vision and its proof!

Is this, after all, any more singular than the fact that a man can awaken any hour that he chooses? What is the spiritual alarm clock which calls us at four, though we usually sleep until six? How is it that the web of dreams is broken, the helpless slumber of the senses overcome, at the desired moment, by the simple passage of a thought through the mind hours before? I was once of necessity obliged to cultivate this power; and brought it finally to such perfection, that the profoundest sleep ceased as suddenly, at the pre-appointed minute, as if I had been struck on the head with a mallet. Let any one tell me clearly and satisfactorily, how this is done, before asking me to account for the other marvel.

PREVISION.

But, in certain conditions, the mind also *foresees*. This may either take place in dreams, or in those more vague or uncertain impressions which are termed presentiments. I will only relate a single instance, since it is useless to adduce anything which is not beyond the range of accident or coincidence. I spent the winter of 1844—5 at Frankfurt-on-the-Main, living with Mr. Richard Storrs Willis, in the family of a German merchant there. At that time there was only a mail once a month between Europe and America, and if we failed to receive letters by one steamer, we were obliged to wait four weeks for the next chance. One day the letters came as usual for Mr. Willis, but none for me. I gave up all hope for that month, and went to bed in a state of great disappointment and dejection; but in the night I dreamed that it was morning, and I was dressing myself, when Mr. Willis burst into the room, saying:

"The postman is below—perhaps he has letters for you. Come up into the dining room, and you can see him from the window."

We thereupon went up to the dining room on the third story, looked down into the street; and there stood the postman—who, as soon as he saw us held up a letter at arm's length, holding it by the lower right hand corner. Though he was in the street, and I in the third story, I read my name on it.

I arose in the morning with my head full of the dream. When I was about half dressed, Mr. Willis came into my room repeating the very words I had heard in my sleep. We went into the dining-room together, looked down and there stood the postman, holding up a letter by the lower right-hand corner! Of course, I could not read the address at that distance; but my name *was* upon it. In this case, the circumstances were altogether beyond my control; and the literal manner in which the dream was fulfilled, in every minute particular, is its most astonishing feature. Nothing was added or omitted. The reality was a daguerreotype of the vision. Never before had my friend entered my room at so early an hour—never before had the postman held up a letter in that manner. If a coincidence only, the occurrence is therefore all the more marvelous.

POWERS' STORY OF SECOND SIGHT.

When I was last in Florence, the sculptor, Powers, related to me a still more remarkable story, which had come to pass only a few days before my arrival. A young English lady of his ac-

quaintance, who was living with her brother in the city, was on terms of great intimacy and affection with a lady of her own age, who was spending the summer with her father in a villa among the Appenines, near Pistoja. This friend had invited her to visit her during the summer; she had accepted the invitation, and the middle of August was fixed upon as the time. Three weeks before, however, the young lady had a remarkable dream. It seemed to her that the day of her departure for the villa near Pistoja, had arrived. Her trunk was packed, and early in the morning, a very curious old carriage drove to the door to receive her. The vetturino slung her trunk to the axletree with ropes—a disposition of baggage which she had never before seen. She took her seat, and for several hours journeyed down the vale of the Arno, noticing the scenery, which was entirely new to her. Several trifling incidents occurred on the way, and there was a delay occasioned by the giving way of the harness; but towards evening she reached the Appenine villa.

As she approached the villa she perceived the father of her friend standing in the door with a very troubled countenance. He came forward, as she was preparing to alight, laid his hand on the carriage door, and said:

"My daughter is very ill, and no one is allowed to see her. To-night is the crisis of her fever, which will decide whether she will recover. I have made arrangements for you to spend the night in the villa of Mr. Smith yonder; and pray Heaven that my daughter's condition will permit you to return to us to-morrow!" Thereupon he gave direction to the vetturino who drove to Mr. Smith's villa. The host received her kindly, ushered her into a broad entrance-hall, and said:

"I will endeavor to make you comfortable for the night. That will be your room," pointing to a glass door, with green curtains at the end of the hall. Here her dream suddenly stopped.

The next morning she related the whole story to her brother. For a few days afterwards, they occasionally referred to it; but as she received information that her friend was in excellent health, she gradually banished from her mind the anxiety it had caused her. The day fixed upon for her journey at length arrived. What was her astonishment when the identical queer old carriage of her dream drove up to the door, and her trunk was slung by ropes to the axletree! This was the commencement; and during the whole day every thing occurred precisely as she had already seen it. Towards evening she arrived at the villa near Pistoja; and the father of her friend stood in the door with a troubled countenance. He came forward repeating the intelligence of his daughter's illness in the same words, and ordered the vetturino to drive to the villa of Mr. Smith. The excitement and alarm of the young lady had been continually on the increase; so that when she finally reached the broad entrance-hall, and Mr. Smith said,

"I will endeavor to make you comfortable for the night—that will be your room" (pointing to the glass door with green curtains,) her nerves, strung to their utmost tension, gave way: and she fell upon the floor in a swoon. Fortunately, there was no ground for superstitious forebodings. The crisis passed over happily; and the very next day she was permitted to nurse her convalescent friend.

Here the dream in all its details was narrated three weeks before its verification; thus setting aside any question of the imagination having assisted in the latter. It is one of the most satisfactory examples of second sight I have ever heard of; and this must be my justification for giving it to the world.

AN AUTHENTIC GHOST STORY.

I cannot close this chapter without giving one more authentic ghost story. A gentleman (permit me to withhold his name, station, and the date of the occurrence) was once traveling in the interior of Sweden. On a raw evening in October, he arrived at a large country-town, where a fair was being held. All the inns were full, and he found it no easy matter to obtain lodgings for the night. He was weary from a long day's journey; and, after applying at the third or fourth inn without success, announced his intention to the landlord to remain there, with or without a bed. He procured some supper, smoked his pipe in the guest's room; and finally feeling inclined to sleep, demanded to be shown some place where he could lie down.

"Have you no sofa, or bench, or bundle of hay vacant?" he asked the landlord.

"No," said the latter—"not one; but—" here

he hesitated—"there is a room with a bed in it, in a small house at the back of the court, only"—dropping his voice to a whisper—"the place is haunted and nobody dares to spend the night there."

"Oh! if that is all," laughed the traveler, "give me the room at once. I don't believe in ghost or demon; and besides I'm far too tired to be troubled with anything of the sort."

The landlord still hesitated, as if doubtful whether he should expose his stubborn guest to such dangers; but finally gave orders to have a fire built in the ill-omened room, and fresh sheets put upon the unused bed. Taking his saddle bags on his arm, and his sword in his hand, the traveler followed the servant across the court-yard and entered the building. The room was low and bare, the windows closed by shutters, whose rusty bolts showed that it was long since they had been opened. A ruddy fire of pine wood was blazing on the raised hearth, in one corner; but there was no furniture except a narrow bed and two chairs. The servant having placed the candle on one of the chairs, made haste to leave, but the traveller detained him a moment, saying:

"You see my sword—and here are two pistols, loaded and capped. If anything disturbs me in the night, man or ghost, I shall immediately fire upon it. Unless you hear a shot, leave me alone." He did this, from a suspicion that the ghost might be some person connected with the inn, who, for purposes of his own, was concerned in banishing all nightly visitors from the house.

After the servant left, the traveler heaped more wood on the fire, carefully examined the windows and door; and after locking the latter, suspended the heavy key upon the latch in such a manner that the least movement would cause it to fall. He then undressed with the exception of his trousers, placed the chair with the candle at the head of the bed, the pistols under the pillow; and lay down with his sword beside him, within reach of his hand. He then blew out his candle, and composed himself to rest. As he did not feel the slightest fear or trepidation, he soon fell into a sound sleep.

About midnight, he was suddenly awakened by a feeling like that of a rush of cold wind over his face. Opening his eyes, he found the room quiet as before; but the candle by his bedside was burning. He distinctly recollected having extinguished it; but nevertheless persuaded himself that he must have been mistaken—got up, threw more wood on the fire, examined the doors and windows; and after having returned to bed, snuffed the candle short, that there might be no mistake this time. Half an hour afterward, he was again awakened by the same rush of cold wind. The candle was burning once more! This inexplicable circumstance made him feel uneasy and excited. He extinguished the candle, and resolved to lie awake and see whether it would be lighted a third time.

Another half hour had elapsed, and his heavy eyelids had closed in spite of all his struggles to keep them open, when the rush of wind returned more violent than before. The candle was not only relighted, but a tall figure clothed in a long, heavy gown, with a hood falling forward so as to conceal the face, stood in the center of the room. An icy chill ran through the traveler's frame. He attempted to seize his sword and pistols; but his frame seemed paralyzed, and his arms refused to obey the direction of his will. Step by step the figure advanced toward the bed. It reached the bedside; it slowly lifted its arms enveloped in the sleeves of the gown—and with an awful deliberateness, bent down towards the traveler's body. In the frenzy of terror, he burst the spell which seemed to confine his limbs, seized the snuffers which lay nearest his right hand, and stabbed, again and again, at the breast of the figure. This was the last thing he remembered.

He was recalled to consciousness by a loud knocking at the door, followed by the fall of the key from the latch, and heard the servant's voice calling:

"Open the door, if you please, sir; I have come to make the fire."

He was lying, not in bed, but upon the floor, in the middle of the room. The snuffers were still in his hand; but the long steel points were bent double. The morning light already shone through the crack of the door. By the time he was fully aroused, he had recovered his self-possession, and at once admitted the servant.

"Holy cross!" exclaimed the man—"how pale you are!—what has happened?"

"Nothing whatever," answered the traveler, "except that the fire has gone out, and I am almost dead of cold."

He protested to the landlord that he passed a very pleasant night, and ridiculed the notion of the house being haunted; but took good care, nevertheless, to leave the town in the course of the day. —*N. Y. Mercury.*

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

BOTANY LESSON.—NO. 1.

BY SARAH C. HILL.

Did you ever learn anything of Botany, children? Some of you I presume have, from your parents, or your teachers, but, lest others who read the "Children's Corner" have been less fortunate, I propose to write you a series of familiar lessons on that interesting subject.

Botany is that study which teaches you all about the *Vegetable Kingdom*. A *vegetable* is any thing that grows out of the earth; whether it is the little tiny moss you often trample unnoticed under your feet (unless you have learned to be very observing) or the tall old tree beneath which you delight to rest at noon of a sultry day in summer—whether the coarse, ugly-looking weed you pull up and destroy, or its neighbor, the beautiful garden rose—all are called vegetables; and the trees, and shrubs and herbs, and weeds and even toadstools go to make up what is called the *Vegetable kingdom*.

Botany, then, teaches of all these.

If I should point to an *apple-tree* or to any other tree or plant, and ask you how it came to be, you would reply, "*it grew*." Supposing I then ask what made *it* grow any more than the rock at its roots, which has lain there just as large as it is now ever since you first saw it? You would, I think, answer, "*trees and all vegetables have life—rocks have not.*"

Yes, that is one important distinction between the *Vegetable kingdom* and the *Mineral* to which rocks belong, and the only one we will speak of now.

If you pull up a plant or cut down a tree it will die; but you may abuse a rock as much as you please, or try all you can to cultivate it by plowing and hoeing about it, it is insensible to all you do, and the same old grey rock still. You can never improve it by *cultivation*.

Now let us look a little more closely at this *Vegetable kingdom*, for I assure you we shall find much in it to interest us.

We will first talk of the parts of a plant through which this *life* you speak of expresses itself. Most of you, especially those who live in the country, know that plants and even trees come from seeds. When you ate an apple, did you ever think the little brown seed at its heart was capable of one day becoming a large tree, with delicious, great, golden apples hanging from its limbs in such numbers as to bend it almost to the ground? No doubt many of you have planted seeds in the earth, expecting after a few weeks of warm, sunny weather with enough of rain to moisten the soil, to see little green leaves timidly peeping up to enjoy the warm sunshine and pure air, as well as you. When you saw them you said, "*my plant has come up.*"

Yes, it came up, for the seed was as much alive as the tree on which it grew; and although you saw no *signs* of that life, it was only waiting for a favorable time to teach you *it was there*.

To illustrate how plants begin to grow I will take a bean and you can all try experiments on it for yourselves. If you take a nice, bright bean and soak it in water a little warm for a few hours, it will become much larger than at first; and if left still longer will become too large for its skin and make an effort to cast it off. This skin—called

the integument, begins to crack open along the edges of the bean, and a little sprout is seen creeping out from beneath it. This sprout is called the germ of the plant. It has two parts—the top called by botanists, the *plumule*, which name is from the Latin language, and means resembling a feather, and the root, called in Botany the *radicle* which is only the Latin for *root*. The root, you of course know, if it has a chance, will hide itself in the earth, and the top rise as far above it as it can, and you cannot induce them to change places.

A story is often told of an Irishman who planted some beans for the first time, and when they came up, the beans were on the top of the plant. He thought there must be some mistake about the matter, so he pulled them up and put the beans once more under the ground; but they *obstinately refused* to grow in any other way than they at first began to. I said the *Irishman's beans would come up on the top of the plant*. In this particular they did not at all differ from all other beans that ever grew. He was ignorant of their manner of growing, so we have an opportunity to laugh at his mistake.

I will now tell you how these beans look when they are first seen above ground. The *plumule* is, when it first appears, a little, tender thing, and needs as much as a little infant, some *nourishment and protection*.

The two halves of the bean which are called *cotyledons* supply this need. They stand straight up on each side of the *plumule*, as much as to say to every thing that would harm their little charge, "*stand off,*" and allow it to live upon the matter of which they are composed until it is able to take care of itself. So you see the *cotyledons* become great thick leaves on which the infant plant feeds. Yet these are not all its food. The root that has hidden itself in the dark earth meantime goes groping about for food, which it finds in the various substances dissolved in the water of the soil.—These it takes up and carries through little tubes, of which it has many, to the top, and thence it is conveyed through little canals in the branches and leaves, most of which are so small we cannot see them except with a powerful microscope, to every part of the plant.

The *air* also has various elements which pass through the skin of the plant—for plants have skin as well as animals—and help to promote its growth.

Thus the frail, little bean-plant continues to grow until it has become of sufficient size to produce flowers and seeds, (beans,) when its work is done and it withers and dies.

As I told you the *bean* rose above ground to nourish the young plant, you must not from that conclude that *all* seeds do so. Many remain and decay beneath the soil; yet in that case the material of which they are composed is likewise taken up and used as food by the young plant.

Not all plants decay, like the bean, in a few months. Some live ten, twenty, one hundred and even thousands of years. Most of the large forest trees are older than the oldest man living, and some of them are known to be many thousands of years old. *How* they are *known* to be so old I will tell you at another time.

I hope you will find this lesson sufficiently interesting to learn *even the hard names* I have given you. If your aunts and cousins and other friends who write for the "Children's Corner," do not furnish something more interesting than I can, you will hear from me again.

Dreams are rudiments
Of the great state to come. We dream what is
About to happen.

FANNY FERN ON SERMONS.—I want a human sermon. I don't care what Melchisadeck, or Zerubabel, or Kerenhappuch did ages ago, I want to know what I am to do, and I want somebody besides a theological bookworm to tell me—somebody who is tempted and tried, and who is not too dignified to own it; somebody, like me, who is always sinning and repenting; somebody who is glad and sorry, and cries and laughs, and eats and drinks, and wants to fight when he is trodden on—and don't! That's the minister for me. I don't want a spiritual abstraction, with stony eyes and petrified fingers, and no blood to battle with. What credit is it to him to be proper? How can he understand me? Were there only such ministers in the pulpit, I wouldn't go to church either, because my impatient feet would only beat tattoo on the pew floor till service was over, but thank God there are! and while they preach I shall go to hear them and come home better and happier for having done it.

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